### THE DAILY DEMOCRAT

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TO TELEPHONE THE DEMOCRAT CALL

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27



### Ohio Democratic Ticket.

For Governo JOHN R. McLEAN.

For Lieutenant Governor A. W. PATRICK. of Tuscarawas.

For Supreme Judge, DEWITT C. BADGER, of Madison. For Attorney General

For Auditor GEORGE W. SIGAFOOS, For Treasurer

For Member of Board of Public Works, FLETCHER D. MALIN. of Lake.

JAMES I. GORMAN.

Democratic District Ticket. For State Senator from the 24th-26th EDWARD M. YOUNG

Of Summit.

### Democratic County Ticket.

For Representative, CHAS W. KEMPEL. For Probate Judge, ISAAC H. PHELPS For Clerk of Courts. WM. A. DURAND For Recorder MICHAEL REILLY. JACOB D. BREITENSTINE For Infirmary Director. BURTON I. SANFORD

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Townships. Boston-JAS. SULLIVAN. Copley-8. S. ROTHROCK Coventry-J. L. PORTER. Cuyahoga Falls-M. M. McLANE. Franklin-JOHN DEUTSCH. Green-WM. KRUMROY. Hudson-A. I. SHIELDS Northampton-WM, MOTZ, Northfield-GEO. W. FORBES Norton-GEO. SNYDER. Portage-J. W. FRANK. Springfield-B. M. BOYER Stow-H. R. GRAHAM Tallmadge-THOS. F. METLIN Twinsburg-A. J. BROWN

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EAST LIBERTY. Saturday evening: Oct. 28. At Town Hall. Hon. I. H. Phelps, Hon. A. C. Bachtel.

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tioned below you will get a ing wife. The dancing braves jarred on chance to own a home for nothing. his sight. He turned back to where the

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and Upson st. C. F. Gill, 210 W. Exchange st. MANAGER

# In Silence, a Hero

the sky as he rode along. Sitting square and deep in the saddle, with an attitude that changed little as his horse's gait varied from lope to trot, from trot to walk or from walk to lope, his eyes fixed straight ahead, the scout rode, ab-

solutely alone.
Solitude and silence had been his portion so much that language was to him a curio, a rarity, a luxury. He seldom beard the sound of human voice, and when he did he listened deeply and answered deliberately, for his supply of speech was not great. As he rode there came a scream from afar overhead—a shrick, a screech. But he did not look

He knew the voice was the voice of Springfield ball, high in the air. Man and horse lay down and waited. Neither moved, but both watched, On the brow of a little knoll, far away, ne saw a bush wave too fast. It was far

way, but he leveled his rifle and fired. Then horse and man arose as if by utual understanding, and turning from the knoll he rode, the report of the guns ehind him merely urging him to hasten He was not afraid. He was not ex-

He did not expect to die. He did not spect to live. Late that night he reached the post, delivered his orders and turned to go. The captain stooped him,

"Meet anybody on the way over?" he asked. The scott looked hard, as if digesting the query. Then he thought. At last as answered:

"Only some Indians," How many?"
"Was seven," said the scout. "Nov

"On the warpath?" asked the captain The scout looked troubled, as though

bored by the questions.
"They fired"— was all be said. Now, then, the war was on in earnest But the scout over after avoided the capain as a man who talked too much. In the grounds noncommissioned offi cers passed to and fro, bent on the duties of the day. New recruits were being drilled, singly and in squads. Now and again a stiff young lieutenant crossed to the officers' quarters or, bent on inspec-

tion, went through the form of examin ing quarters to see whother the dust had been properly brushed away and the floor duly swept. Presently a soldier entered, walked to where the scout lay, and said: "Colonel wants you!"

The scout remained immovable for a few seconds. Then he turned to the mesenger and looked him squarely in the eye. Then he arose, deliberately dressed

drew on his long boots, buckled his belt with the ammunition and revolvers in place, and stalked to quarters. The or erly halted him at the door. "Colonel wants me," he said. He passed in. The colonel ignored the lack of a sainte, for the keen eyed man COAT NOW.

ian employee. Then be said:
"There is a woman here, the wife of Lieutenant Jasper, who is wounded at the ferry. She wants to join her husband. You must guide her over." The scout looked half terrified. "Woman?" he asked. The question

before him was not a soldier, but a civil-

had a world of meaning, for the colonel knew of the hostiles on the road, the dangers of the trail itself, its double dangers for a woman. He nodded. "Bad," said the scout.

"Can't be helped," said the colonel. The scout stood still a moment. Then he turned and walked out. As he reached the parade ground he saw a woman before the officers' quarters. The eight

revived his memory.

In a few minutes he was back at the colonel's quarters, his horse saddled, his blankets rolled behind the cantle, the rifle slung by the horse's side, the riata coiled carefully over the saddle post. "Tell him I'm ready," he said gruffly to the orderly. The soldier turned in disgust. He was not used to unceremonious

ders. But the scout was impenetrable. So the orderly went. When the scout was ordered in, he saw a little woman wearing a short riding habit. He looked at her indifferently. The colonel spoke, saying he was the best scout at the post, and she might feel

safe with him.
"I feel it," she said. The scout broke silence. "Better not go," he said.
"Oh, I must!" was her answer.

They rode away together. All the night long they rode, halting during the day. On the third morning, as the woman was about to lie down for a few hours' rest, the scout arose, as one who was about to deliver an oration.

"Only six miles," he said.

Fear of the hostiles had forsaken her,

and they rode rapidly on, indifferent alike to the whistle of the bullets, the yells of the braves, and the efforts of small par-ties of bucks to head them off. Closer and closer to the camp, and then, as the sentry challenged, the scout turned and let the woman ride ahead.

He faced the hostiles for a moment. Then be looked around and saw the guard rush forth and welcome the faintwoman had entered the camp, and then followed her.

The officer of the guard almost hugged captain clasped his band. The wounded lieutenant, now almost well, wept.

The talk annoyed him.-Philadelphia

Docking Horses. Docking horses took its rise in the dark days when bull and bear baiting was

honored by a place in the category of sport, rightly now relegated by law to the catalogue of outrage. This custom of docking was once generally applied to English roadsters, hunters and barness horses. The only useful purpose it ever served was in the Peninsular war, when British dragoons could be most easily distinguished from French by their cock-talls. It fell into disuse with the decline of road coaches, and we owe its unwel-come revival to their partial restoration. It is senseless, barbarous and disfigur-ing; it inflicts needless suffering upon brood mares and horses turned out to grass, depriving them of their natural defense against flies, besides the severe pain and shock caused by the operation itself. It should be discouraged in every possible way by influential persons, by those who lead the fashion in such things and agricultural societies should be mov

ed to refuse prizes to exhibits which have undergone this mutilation.-Blackword. Costly Misunderstanding. Irate Customer-Look here. The bill for those two boxes of cigars I bought of you last month calls for \$14. Didn't

you tell me they were three for a nickel? Tobacconist-Not at all, sir. 1 told you they were free from nicotine.-

Chicago Tribune. In Old Kentucky. Stranger-Have you lived long in this

Native-No, sah. I am a gentleman. sah! And it is impossible for gentle-188 SOUTH HOWARD ST men to live long in this section, sah.—
Washington Star.

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Discreet Silence. "I told Bunks a story, and it didn't re nind him of another. "Perhaps he was afraid that if he told on one it would remind you of another.

-Chicago Record.

### A SHADOW.

Heas Alicans fixed in a humble cottage in Jerusalent. One evening he stood long before the open window shutter. How difficult if was to get at closing it. The air was cool, the city scall. Below in the narrow, hilly street came a muleteer astride, stooping forward over the back of the ass, whose little boofs clicked and slipped on the big. smooth stones. He sang a monotonous song in the costomary plaintive drawling, nasal tones of the easterner, and as he passed along the sound of his voice reminded one of the

bagpipe.
On the window sill lay a manuscript dissertation, and so clear and brilliant was the February moonlight that Hans could read the fine writing without difficulty. It was a defense of the established order of things, of standstill conservatism, admitting of no exception. And as he stood there in the city where the idea of human brotherhood was born and had gone forth over the earth, as he glanced over the pages of the document. he said to himself: "No, no: we young people are natural foes to conservatism. We are the ones who now, in all ages, have broken ground for the truths which have proceeded from this city." As he he made an unconscious movemen his hand. At the same time his glarge fell upon his own shadow on the wall, outlined by the moon. He could not restrain his laughter Was not that the shadow of an actor, the head thrown back, the hand extended as

A feeling of shame swept over him as he considered for the first time that, among the ideas transmitted from that city to the western world as a cargo of precious jewels, was a tiny pearl, hu-

he were declaiming some stirring

He closed his eyes and pressed his bands over his face, and a thousand little stars seemed to flash before his sight To be sure, it was merely the pulsations of his own blood which produced this sensation, and yet, little by little, those tiny lights ceased to revolve and looked for all the world like the pale stars which he had just been watching in the firmament. At length, aroused by voices in the street, he looked out.

Between the bouses opposite there ex-tended a wall. On the ground in front was a bright fire, and by that fire stood Christ surrounded by a few disciples and friends. Just behind him his shadow was clearly defined upon the wall.

John, the disciple whom he loved, me chanically picked up a blackened coal and with it outlined the shadow until he had delineated the entire figure of the Muster upon the wall. Then he dropped the coal and entered into conversation with the rest. Next morning, when Hans Alienus again stood at his open window and saw

the people pass, there were many who stopped and looked with curiosity at the drawing on the wail. "That represents a shoen aker; his back is bowed." said the shoemaker. "You talk nonsense," returned the fruiterer: "that stooping posture proves that he is a fruit vender. They forgot to draw the basket on his back, but that baif open mouth shows clearly that he

crying: 'Pomegranates! Come and Come and buy!' high official of the sanhedrin who passed, and who of course did not mix his voice with the gabble of the tradesthought to himself: "It is perfectn that that represents a learned ud a thinker. One might almost take it to be a portrait of me. Positively it is me: not bad, either. Probably some

ONABLE TAILOR.

134-136 S. Howard st

they all know me more or less."

Meanwhile one of the spectators had silently approached the carbon drawing. He had a simple demeanor and a kind, patient face. Nothing great was known of him, no chronicle has preserved his name, for he led a retired life, away from the noise of the world. With hands crossed over the knob of his walking stick he contemplated the drawing "What a noble forehead!" he thought.

'What lofty humanity that bent figure suggests! Oh, if only one could be like that! But why wish for the impossi As he stood there, silent and humble the likeness to the drawing was so strik-ing that everybody fell back, pointing to

him in whispers.

Startled and ashamed he slipped away, unable to understand why they should stare at him. In his conscious humility he had resembled the Christ shadow. Had he known this, and, proud in that ousness, stood erect, the likeness would have vanished .- St. Louis Globe-

Franklin No Orator.

It was Foor Richard who remarked, 'Here comes the orator, with his flood of words and his drop of reason," and during his whole life Franklin was no speechmaker. "I served." Jefferson said, "with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia before the Revolution and during it with Dr. Franklin in congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulder to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow themselves."

John Adams, in one of his periodic outbursts against the man whom the public deemed greater than himself, contrasted his own services in congress, in which he every branch of business, both in the house and on committees, constantly proposing measures, supporting those I approved when moved by others, opposing

such as I disapproved, discussing and ar-guing on every question," with those of Franklin, who was seen, he says, "from day to day, sitting in silence, a great part of his time fast asleep in his chair." Yet Franklin was appointed on every important committee and Adams on few, and the sage, could be have read his brother congressman's comparison, might fairly have retorted, with the wisdom of Poor Richard, "He that speaks much is much mistaken," or "The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise."-Paul L.

A HERO OF THE MINE.

He Risked His Life to Save That of a

Ford in Century.

Fellow Workman. Heber Franklin, a young man employed at the Clear Creek mine, is as much a hero as any man who ever braved death on the battlefield. Franklin sought not glory, but to save a buit is frequently called for in pre-scriptions. It is evident, there. The men were called out. Then they were about to shut off the air in order to stop the flames, when it was learned that a lone miner was working deep in the mine beyond the point where the fire started and was then raging with growing strength. Here is the story

> Foreman Thomas immediately caned for volunteers to go with him into the mine to resone the man. Several attempts were made by different ones, but they were driven back by the flames, and the cry of "Powder!" caused a hasty retreat.

of the subsequent events:

Finally Heber Franklin, a young man whose work keeps him on the outside. said, "I will go." And accompanying Foreman Thomas he pressed

through the fire and found the man working away tamping a hole, entirely unconscious of the danger threatening him. They succeeded in getting out of the mine safely, when the fan was shut off and the dip closed up. The rescue was an act of great bravery on the part of Franklin, as his work kept him on the outside and he was unacquainted with the exact lay of the land inside, and the danger of suffocation from black damp was great. He was the only man of the many standing by whose nerve did not desert him.

It is stated upon good authority that ten minutes more of lost time would have resulted in the death of the miner who was at work and possibly a great loss to the company, as the supply of air could not be cut off while there was any hope of rescue, and this would have tended to feed the flames.-Salt Lake Herald.

### IF I WERE YOU.

I wouldn't think about distress, If I were you;

I wouldn't even once conless

To ever feeling blue,

But when the sun is well disp To shine upon our triends and foes I'd be content with even less,

Just let it rain or show or shine; "Twill being no gain To blame misfeature or replac: The longest lane Will end sometime, and every day

Roses will bloom along the way, Because of rain.

Dut keep in view
The healthy seed majoring trust
That's always due
To them that street to live above
All earth, though excepting love;
Pd let all other treasures rust, ir I were you!

-Facis and Fiction.

FATE OF A CAESAR'S ASHES. Shakespeare's Concelt Finds a Counterpart In Reality.

When Shakespeare put in the mouth of Hamlet the curious concelt about the dust of the great Alexander having become loam and then stopping a buughole in a beer barrel, he had seemed to reach the ultimate extravagance | 146 and 148 South Main st., Akron. of imagination. Yet, near the Ports Salaria a still more unexpected extravagance was revealed after the excavations carried on there. In these a cippus, or sepulchral column, containing a cinerary urn of rare oriental alabaster was brought to light. The inscription on the cippus revealed that the ashes contained within the urn were those of Calpunius Piso Liciulanus, who, in February, A. D. 69, was proclaimed Caesar by the Emperor Galbra. Four days afterward Galbra was killed, and Piso also suffered death in his thirty-first year. His were the ashes that the alabaster urn con-

The precious urn was given to a workman employed on the premises to take care of. Some days after, when the proprietor of the place asked for the urn, he found it empty. "Where," said be, "are the ashes that were never dreaming that they were any good, but being white and clean, sent cident, have the ashes of an imperial Caesar, adopted by Galbra as Tiberius was adopted by Augustus and accented by the senate, been used more than PHONE 19 18 centuries after his death by a Roman washerwoman to cleanse her dirty linen, together with the ashes of other members of the family in whose veins of Pompey the Great!-Baltimore Sun

Henry A. Chittenden, formerly of New York and a nephew of Simeon B

Chittenden, was the man who succeeded in drawing from Andrew Carnegic an offer of \$50,000 for building a library in Oakland, Cal. In acknowledging a letter from Mr. Chittenden, inclosing some clippings from the Oakland Tribune, with which he is connected. Mr. Carnegie said: "If Onkland would do as other cities have done-i. e., provide a site and agree to maintain the library at a cost of, say, \$4,000 per year-it would give me pleasure to give the necessary \$50,000 to Cor. Howard and Market Streets build it: but I must be sure that the community is obliged to maintain it as above. No use building libraries un-

A Soldierly Quality Examiner-What is the chief qualification for a soldier?

Frenchman-A thorough knowledge

of penmanship.—Indianapolis Journal.

less we are sure of their future."

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Of Fall and Winter Suits Overcoats and Top Coats Look at our boys' top coats for . Look at our men's top coats for Look at our men's black, double breasted, silk faced suits at \$7.50 Look at our men's fine black suits for \$5.00 Look at our boys' fine black 3 p vestees for \$2.25 Look at our boys' suits, in black and fancy colors at ...

Complete line of Hats and Gents' Furnishings. You will find a complete stock of new stylish clothing here. If not satisfactory money will be refunded.

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AKRON, O.

effort to carry only the best coal and coke, and while we have here?" The workman, surprised, said different grades the price is consistent with the quality you wish that he gathered them together and, to purchase. Just a little trial will convince.

# them to his wife to make the for her washing! And thus, said the late Shakespeare Wood, describing this in-

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Tommy Tuff-Come on, Willie. Le's. Willie Hardrow-Naw, yer don't. See the bare hillside still imgers. At Dingthis spot on my nose? Well, tha's whut's | wall a recent communion service in the left of that pante yn put on me las' week. Maw's scrubbed my face till I can't laff.

-Ohio State Jourral.

A Long Service. In remote parts of Scotland the old Covenanters' love for long services on open air lasted from 10 a. m. until 4 p.

m. without exhausting the staying now

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